

Thin White Rope are one weird band. Their album *The Ruby Sea* (Frontier) is deep, dark and shots just short of being dirgy, with eerie poetic lyrics from the inner recesses of singer/guitarist/banjoist Guy Kyser's mind. They go from almost classically constructed, but played with loud metallic guitars songs like "The Lady Vanishes," into seemingly light melodies like "Up to Midnight," to the wall of sound demonic madness of the title track, toss in supersonic rockabilly meets X on "Tina and Glen," and get into psycho country, the likes of which haven't been heard since Them Moray Eels Ate the Holy Modal Rounders on "Bartender's Rag." Often their instrumental passages like the intro to "Puppet Dog" are quite beautiful and always the lyrics far surpass standard fare. Definitely worth checking out.

Thin White Rope with Daisy Chainsaw: Sun., Nov. 24 at 10 p.m. at J.C. Dobbs, (cover varies) 928-1943.

--Peter Brown